

The LOVE R.

By MARMADUKE MYRTLE, *Gent.*

Natio Comeda est—

Juv.

Tuesday, April 13. 1714.

IN hopes that People will trouble me no more with Accounts of the *Crabtrees*, I have admitted the following Letter, tho' I am sick of a People so eminently made the Objects of the contrary Passion to that of Love.

S I R,

I Read in your Paper, the other Day, the Letter of *Richardetto Languenti*, concerning the ridiculous and mischievous Race of the *Crabtrees*, I must confess I never thought Words better put together or applied, than mischievous and ridiculous, for that unaccountable, lamentable, detestable, and every other Word ending in able, except tolerable, or the Word able alone. You may see, Sir, by the Hand, in which I write, that I am a Woman; and by the Stile and Passion, that I am an angry Woman, at the same time I don't know whether I may write my self Woman, only because I am of the Age of Twenty nine, since I am still a Maid; but I am sure I should have been a Woman before now, if it had not been for this disagreeable, I would say execrable Race of the *Crabtrees*. As fast, and as well as my Passion will let me, I will give you an Account of my Sufferings.

I am the Daughter of a Gentleman of 400 l. a Year, who has several other Children. Sir *Anthony* always giving himself out for a great Friend to the Landed Interest, as he calls it, has ever been in great Credit with my Father. To find Portion, Maintenance and Education for a numerous Family, my Father has practised that natural Improvement of a Country Gentleman's Estate, grazing Cattle, and driving them to the Market of *London*. He dealt for the whole with one eminent Butcher in *St. James's Market*, with whom he Accompts once a Year, and takes the Payments which are made to the said Butcher in Ballance of their Accounts. You must know there is a great Lady in that Neighbourhood, eminent for her Justice and Charity, who uses Sir *Anthony* as her Steward: The Knight has got a great Estate by oppressing her Tenants, and terrifying all People in her Service with his great Power in her. The Lady above-mentioned owed my Father's Correspondent, the Butcher, a Sum of Money which was to have been my Fortune in Marriage with an agreeable young Man, the Son of a Neighbouring Gentleman. My Father had so great a Respect for this Lady, that he engaged himself to take any Demands upon her in Payment without the least Scruple. By Sir *Anthony's* Management a third part of the Lady's Debt to the Butcher is paid in a Coin I never

(Price Two Pence.)

heard of before, called Tin Tallies. My Father has written to Sir *Anthony*, and offered them to *Zachariah* his Brother, they being out of my Father's way to know what to do with; but *Zachariah* has told the poor Butcher, who carried my Father's Letter, and written to my Father, that he can't meddle with them, but has gravely advised him to stick to the Landed Interest, and not mind Projects, for so the half-witted impudent Wretch calls receiving Money for the Product of his Land. Thus, Sir, I have lost a good Husband by this Trick of Sir *Anthony*, and the whole Race of them wonder why our Family Curses them; but, Sir, it is the Nature of the *Crabtrees* to be blind to the Evils they themselves commit, and don't think themselves guilty of Mischiefs, wherein they are the Original Causes, except they are the immediate Instruments. These gross Abuses the graceless Crew, by bragging of their Power, have committed against all the World without being found out and thoroughly explained, till the Devil, who owed them a Shame, prompted them to meddle with those that could draw their Pictures. I own'd to you, in the beginning of this Letter, that I was an angry Woman, and I think I have made it out that I have reason for it. I have nothing now left to divert my poor aching Heart from Reflection upon its Disappointment, but gratifying my Resentment against the Infamous Cause of it. When I reflect upon this Race, especially the Knight himself, I confess my Anger is immediately turned into Mirth; for how is it possible that an ungainly Creature, who has what he is writ in his Face, should impose upon any body? He looks so like a Cheat, that he passes upon People who do not know him from no other Advantage in the World, but that they are ashamed to be govern'd by so silly an Art as Physiognomy. With this mischievous Aspect there is something so awkward, so little, and briskly Comick in Sir *Anthony's* Mein and Air, that one would think the Contempt of his Figure might save People from the Iniquity of his Designs; but Sir *Anthony* has the Happiness next to a good Reputation, which is to be insensible of Shame, and therefore is as smug as he is ugly. Forgive me personal Reflections, but ugly is a Woman's Word for Knavish. I observe, Sir, you affect putting the Sentence of some Poet, *Engliss* or *Latin*, at the top of your Paper; and as I desire you would let my Letter be as remarkable as possible, I beg you to put these Words, out of Sir *John Suckling's* Play of the Sad One, at the Head of this my Writing, except you would put in all my Letter, which I had much rather you would: The place

in Sir *John Suckling* will agree well enough with the Knight; for tho' his Name is *Anthony*, and *Suckling* has used the Word *Robin*, every one of this Country will think him meant when you do but say *The Sad One*, for such indeed he is. The Passage is thus, A Poet and an Actor are introduced discoursing about Characters in a Play. The Actor is telling the Author, that he wonders why he will represent what cannot be in Nature, an honest Lawyer: *Why*, says *Multicarni*, (that is the Name of the Poet) *Dost think it impossible for a Lawyer to be honest*. The Actor answers,

*As 'tis for a Lord-Treasurer to be poor,
Or for a King not to be cozened:
'Tis little Robin, in Debt within these three Years,
Grown Fat and Full —*

As for using the Word Treasurer instead of Steward, there is nothing in that, for Sir *Anthony*, in a sneering way calls himself so, and pretends he deserves that Word more than any one else who ever served her, tho' it's well known he has disparaged her more than any one that ever served any Body; and my Father says, since he has got me and the Tin Tallies lying upon his Hands, that he will send you an Account wherein he will prove, that if she had given him a Years Income of all she has in the World to have nothing to say to him, she had saved above a Year's Revenue by it. But there is no dealing with him; he has got all the Country to call the honest Man, who managed her Business before him, all the Names that Malice could invent, so that whenever he is dismissed he knows he cannot be worse used than the best Men have been before him. Thus Sir *Anthony* thinks himself secure against Defamation; first, because he deserves all the Ill that can be said of him, and secondly, because the same thing has been said of those who deserve all the Praise which Language can bestow. I have a great deal more to say of the ugly Creature, but I had like to have forgot *Brickduft* and *Zachariah*. You must know they have different Apartments about Sir *Anthony*'s House, to examine every one who comes for Money, or admit their Accounts. These Animals, if possible, are more heideous than Sir *Anthony* himself; they are both in Town, and they are as much desired in the Country as their Arrival in it formerly was feared and dreaded. The Presbyterian Ministers, in these Parts, have a very pleasant Tale of *Zachariah*, who, it seems, was made a Trustee in a Donation for Ministers dissenting from the Church of England; the Description of Ministers dissenting from the Church of England, suits as well with Nonjurors as Dissenters, and *Zachariah* being a new Convert, forsooth, to the Church, has a pious-Compassion rather for those who were of our Church, and are gone higher, than to those who will not come up to it, and therefore, out of Scruple of Conscience, cheats the Dissenters. I desire you would be sure to print this, because it would be well that the Truth were known, for some do not fail to say, that under the Notion of its being a Gift to pious Uses, *Zachariah* has reserved it for that good Christian himself. When *Zachariah* went through the Town of Worcester — but that is a long Story — I had like to have forgot *Brickduft*; but what signifies talking of him — I remember a whimsical Saying of one speaking of a silly Creature with a manly Aspect; he called him a *Cole-black* silly Fellow, so I say *Brickduft* is a *sift* ugly Cur, he has a Phiz fit only for Accusation and Abuse; if he designed to commend it would have that Effect; and it is Nonfense for you to set up for *Lover*, when you let these Creatures go about to frighten Women with Child, and bear false Witness against honest Men. I fear I have said more than will come within your Paper, but pray don't leave any of it

out, for my *Lover* was a very pretty Fellow, and was forced to leave me because of these cursed Tallies.

I am, Dear Mr. MYRTLE,
very much Your Servant,
Susan Matchless.

Mr. MYRTLE,

I Beg the Favour of you to acquaint the Town; that in the most necessary Earthen-Ware, I have, with great Pains and Curiosity, wrought round the exterior Superficies of them, the true Effigies of Sir *Anthony Crabtree*, Mr. *Zachariah Crabtree*, and Mr. *Peter Brickduft*. They will be sold at all Potter's Shops within London and Westminster on the 19th Instant, and Country Customers may have them at a cheaper Rate.

Rubens Claywright.

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